

Cp 811

# MUSES' LORE

A Bookmaker Anthology

Gertrude Perry West  
Editor



BOOKMAKERS' POETS NO. THREE

MUSES' LORE

A BOOKMAKERS' ANTHOLOGY

(Credit is given *The Bookmakers' Folio* for  
the poems published in this book, and all  
poems not followed by the authors' name  
are by the editor)

Done In Bookmakers' Colors By The  
BOOKMAKERS' PUBLISHERS,  
Callahan, Florida.

Copyrighted by Gertrude Perry West,  
1931.

and  
EDITED



De Lux, Editor-Autographed Edition  
Price \$1.00 postpaid.

(All poems in this book were published  
without cost to the authors and on their  
merit.)

One free copy distributed to contributors

Complimentary.

Gertrude Perry West-  
1931

## THE SADDEST TIME

The saddest time of all the year  
Is when the Christmas tide is here  
And children's hands and stomachs  
are

Empty, though, there appeared a star  
That wise men followed from afar:  
And then, with words of hope and cheer  
Spread wide the news; and without fear  
Proclaimed that a great Avatar  
Was borned whom all, must now, re-  
vere . . .

The saddest time.

Two thousand years have gone and  
clear

The Christmas bells ring out good cheer  
But O, how sad and singular  
That poverty reeks vast, to mar . . .  
While Mammon reigns to domineer . . .  
This saddest time!

Gertrude Perry West.

## DEATH TOOK AWAY

Death took away, when roses bloomed,  
And in the June time was entombed

Upon the very saddest time  
Of all my life when not a rime  
Could I express, for Death's mean  
crime,

But I could only grieve, engloomed,  
That he had thus, my young life doomed  
To live without her presence's chime.  
Death took away.

But in our baby's face has loomed  
Her features which it has assumed  
And in her brown eyes the sublime  
Expression comes when she does  
climb

Upon my knee, as her, entombed,  
Death took away.

Odus Cleo Sikes.



## O GLAD NEW YEAR

O, Glad New Year, you've come this  
way;

Beginning to reign the same day  
That you were borned! Yet, it seems  
sad

To see the Old Year, good and bad,  
Limp off and with his hair so gray  
From tolls that all Old Years must pay  
For what they cause the months to slay  
Still, there was nothing he could add  
By longer with Old Time to play;  
O, Glad New Year!

But as I ponder and display  
Experiences that for me portray  
Themselves like elves and some dryad;  
Some are finest I ever had . . .  
But many sorrows so outweigh . . .  
O, Glad New Year!

11

O, Glad New Year! What will you  
bring?

Will those experiences which will cling  
To me through life, and much of  
joy,

Stay pleasant, or will they destroy  
The music that I write and sing  
From pleasures from which my songs  
spring . . .

Notes such as those of a starling,  
Or will some vast evil employ  
Pleasures of the Old Year to sting?  
O, Glad New Year!

Some experiences in my heart swing  
As some belfry bells when they ring:  
But sorrows like a broken toy  
Of this Old Year are a decoy . . .  
Will they die from their cruel sting?  
O, Glad New Year!

Gertrude Perry West

\* \* \* \*

### A SONG OF DEATH

(On the death of Albert James Norton)

— Villanelle —

Death, with his aeroplane soared high  
O'er where a dying poet lay—  
For, physically, poets die.

All through the night it rode the sky  
And till the dawning of the day,  
Death with his aeroplane soared high

A great man called to glorify  
A paradise where poets stay —  
For, physically, poets die.

His passing, though, made others cry;  
Yet tender glider on his way,  
Death, with his aeroplane soared high.

He took our friend: we wonder why,  
And now, in vain, we plead and pray—  
For physically poets die.

It was a June morn Death came by  
And took his spirit far away:  
And with his aeroplane soared high--  
For physically poets die.

Gertrude Perry West.

---

### THE SADDEST TIME

The saddest time of all the year  
Is when the Christmas tide is here  
And children's hands and stomachs  
are

Empty, though, there appeared a star  
That wise men followed from afar:  
And then, with words of hope and cheer  
Spread wide the news; and without fear  
Proclaimed that a great Avatar  
Was borned whom all, must now, re-  
vere . . .

The saddest time.

Two thousand years have gone and  
clear

The Christmas bells ring out good cheer  
But O, how sad and singular  
That poverty reeks vast, to mar . . .  
While Mammon reigns to domineer . . .  
This saddest time!

Gertrude Perry West.

# THE BOOKMAKERS FOLIO.

## A LINCOLN SONNET SEQUENCE

### A TEMPLE OF GOD

*(Ye are the temple of the living God.)*

#### I

Lincoln: divinity is yours! From out  
The windows of the Temple of the God  
Within your giant frame, it was not odd  
That vision was yours to see beyond doubt  
The Black Slave must be freed who was without  
A friend who cared to free him from the rod  
Of chattel servitude to freely plod  
His way unshackled by White Christians devout.

Murderer could be no more guilty than  
They who heard not the pitiful, sad groan  
When remorse was unknown; and sold, the  
child

From the mother's breast or the poor black man  
From his wife; yet, their owner, would loud  
moan

In amen-corners, righteous, self-styled.

#### II

Poverty had been yours, and you well knew  
The pangs of hunger when in the jungle  
Your father would make some unwise bungle  
And failed to find the bread on which for you  
To live when a small child; and later, too;  
When you had grown into a lad humble  
Because too poor to make protested grumble;  
As hunger gnawed within, bitter you grew.

You contemplated unjust, criminal laws  
Which made men slaves and poor; in servitude  
To men who "prayed long prayers before  
men,"

While selling mothers to the giant maws  
Of Privilege whose conscience was most crude  
From crime; or their children as the oxen.

#### III

"Extreme Radical," they called you, because  
You wished to see your Black Brother set free  
From chains of unjust, cruel slavery;  
And you believed in abolishing laws  
Which kept him so, and the damnable clause,  
You sought to abolish; make liberty  
For all mankind who should be made happy  
By helping others pursue a just cause.

This, because you believed in a just God  
Of Love, Freedom, Mercy, Kindness; and not  
A cruel mane away in Etherland  
Who watched thru clouds the poor black slaves  
who trod

The Toiler's path below, to counterplot;  
Decreeing they serve masters or be  
damned.

#### IV

Extreme poverty had been yours, and the  
God whom Christain Slavers claim curs-  
ed as a slave,  
Ham when he looked on the drunken,  
naked knave,  
Noah, who slept in depraved debauchery;  
And having thus cursed him with slavery  
He turned his skin black, and for mas-  
ters gave  
Him his brothers, Shem and Japeth, the  
brave,  
Fair and God-elected: their white ancestry.

But the God in you, Great Temple of the  
Living God of Love, was vision given  
To know the God of Love was thus  
belied;

Having seen Giant Injustice a-gee  
At Poverty's Mill, with bucket open  
Taking toll in name of The Crucified.

#### V

From a log cabin you came; martyred, lay  
In the White House, its dead master;  
yet lives

The emancipating spirit's motives  
With which you freed the slaves ere they  
dared slay

Your massive cathedraled temple of clay;  
And with your powerful prerogatives  
Having demonstrated; freeing subjec-  
tives,

You showed the God within you: *tilled*  
today.

Into the utmost regions of the seas  
Your great light has shone, and every  
stone

Has been turned where man was held  
as a slave,

And sold from master to master. The  
breeze

Has carried it thru the remotest zone,  
As Love piles immortelles upon your  
grave.

Gertrude Perry West.

#### QUOTED

Lincoln was the greatest character since  
Christ . . . . . John Hay.  
I say he was the Messiah of the modern  
world. . . . . Philitus Smith.

## NEW YEAR

( Sonnette )

The old year dies, as does the innocence  
Of childhood, to be replaced with New Year  
As the first offspring of a happy pair  
Which love united in evening silence.

And at its birth, we make merry; yet, feel  
Sadness at the passing of the old year  
Which leaves regrets, by passing, that are  
real.

## YULETIDE SONG

( Ballad )

O, it's Christmas again, and the bells, ringing  
loud,  
Making those from home wish to be among  
the crowd,  
Going to the church where I've often been  
before,  
Where my baby finger-prints are still on the  
door:

For that is the place, is the place I want  
to be;

The place where we sang the good  
old doxology;

Where oaks, full of acorns, the squir-  
rels used to steal,

And children went a-fishing with a rod  
and reel.

It is now to my friends who are dwelling far  
away

That I sing them a song in honor of the day  
Of Christmas in a ballad this present Yuletide  
That I fain would carry them with pleasure  
and pride:

But this can not be, so I send by Uncle  
Sam

Who will take to my homeland where  
the Yuletide jamb

Used to glow with the welcome  
which Santa would meet

When he slid down the chimney with  
goodies to eat.

## THE YULETIDE

( Vers de Société )

Christmas is here, again;  
With Santa and his train--  
Hear drums beat--  
His reindeer's hoofs we hear,  
Trotting by in double pair--  
What a treat!

He brings the Yuletide cheer  
To gladden homes each year.  
Nimble feet

Have his deers, trotting fast,  
Till Christmas Eve has past--  
What a feat!

## NEW YEAR GREETINGS

( Cinquain )

New Year  
Greetings, are small  
Pebbles cast on the shore,  
By waves, for bathers, on the Beach  
Of Time.

## CHRISTMAS

( Cinquain Sequence )

I

May joy  
Be yours in great  
Abundance, while near you  
Dwells Prosperity, attended by  
Blessings.

I I

Fail not  
Then, to compare  
The joy of the children  
Of Wealth, with Poverty's children  
Unfel.

## CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

( Tanka )

Christmas greetings, are  
The breath of Love, blown thru  
Panpipes, at snowflakes,  
Falling, to cover  
Poverty's disappointments.

HALL OF FAME ANTHOLOGY NO. 2  
HONORABLE MENTION



NOW

(Sonnette)

The words she spoke so long ago I hear  
As first I heard them from her lovely lips  
When we made many happy pleasure  
trips  
She sweetly speaking love phrases  
while near.

Now her seat within the auto is not  
Occupied by her when evening comes  
But her grave looms gray in a grassy  
spot.

Odus Cleo Sikes.

---

## THE SUMMER WINDS

The summer winds blow and bringing the rain,  
 They wrestle with Life and force her to grow  
 The verdant plant-life over field and plain,  
 The summer winds blow.

All through the autumn the birds' sweet refrain  
 Is heard while the farmer commences to mow  
 The ripening harvest of corn and cane.

There is pathos of death in the chain  
 Of the months in the seeds that we sow;  
 Seasons bring the gleaners life with the grain  
 The summer winds blow.

Odus Cleo Sikes.

## TO MY BEGUILLED LOVER

In depths of your haunting brown eyes  
 I see  
 Distress and sorrow that does not  
 pass by;  
 They appear as though you have had  
 a cry;

That you are suffering from misery  
 Caused by a bad woman's shame. Can  
 it be

You can not longer smile whenever I  
 Appear, as always, you, relating why  
 That you are in love and it is with me?

You are down cast through her beguil-  
 ment. Now,

I, too, must pay the toll for her bad  
 crime

Of having forced you to forget,  
 in thongs

Of her state, lusty arms, your love; and  
 how

Your heart aches only I can tell and  
 Time,

Must bridge the void and soothe  
 the cruel wrongs.

Drusilla Johnson.

## MY QUIZ TO LOVE

(To one who loves me)

O, Love! Should I now, go with you, a-  
 gain:

To where would you take me in future  
 years?

Would I be happy or would sighs and  
 tears

Be mine, with a young lover, down Life's  
 lane?

Dare I hope for pleasure instead of pain?  
 Old loves are buried, but the hateful  
 fears

That this, should I go, may fail through  
 the years,

Makes me wary to go, fearing, your wane.

He is so handsome and so debonair

The difference in ages may carry blite  
 That may cause his love to dwindle  
 away

When Porthos has squandered his earn-  
 share

Of passionate toll, that he, in the  
 height

Of desire demands on our nuptial day.

Marjorie Bruce



### MONARCH OF THE BOOKMAKERS' TURKEN RANCH

(Job the Turken, Mascot of the Bookmakers' International League of Writers)

(A prosodic form created in Job's honor by his "Missus" before his death.)

Thru the shadows here, he marches,  
Of the lilies and the larches,  
Where they cast, fantastic patterns,  
On the ground;  
And like haunty jack-o-lanterns,  
Flit among the feathery ferns,  
Sprawling round,  
To the sound  
Of bees a-humming on their urns,  
At all hours  
The showers  
Fills beneath the quaintest arches  
Made here, by the son that parches,  
Their flowers,

He can cackle, crow and squawk . . .  
Warning, when he spies a hawk  
With his eye,  
Passing by;  
He can, almost, my language, talk;  
When, jauntingly, he takes a walk,  
When the sky,  
Is the bluest, out with me . . .  
Where, the fat grasshoppers be,  
On the lawn,  
At the dawn  
Of the morning, happily,  
Stalking, majestically,  
Full of brawn.

Gertrude Perry West.

Form: *Rara avis*— "A rare bird." Revised by the author from the Bookmakers' Folio and the Children and Animal Welfare News.

### HELL

Some folk will sneer and claim there is  
no hell  
Or Devil who reigns there with de-  
mon's fires;  
But they forget the vile, slanderous  
fiar's  
Mouth is the red slimy cave where  
Libel,  
The most evil and vile, low down  
scoundrel,  
Lolls . . . a red viper that with his  
green ires  
Vomits venom that simmers like hot  
wires  
Poked into cold water by a yokel.

An accurst adder that vomits slime  
thru  
White bones that serve for Libel's  
white-washed fence,  
And where his intolerable lie  
gate  
Is never closed to keep venomous dew  
From being sprayed on helpless  
Innocence  
From Libel's jealous, malicious  
hate.

Ulysses Tellum.

\*--\*

### THE WILLOWS' TASK

They guard  
The creek waters,  
Dropping tears from their fronds  
Upon myriad ferns, after  
A rain.

Drusilla Johnson.

--\*..\*--

### CHLORIS

The grand  
Resurrection  
Of plant life from Hyem's  
Destruction when he spread his snow  
Blanket.

Euphemia Pate.

### SPORTSMANSHIP

The hunter stood upon the well worn  
stand,  
Listening to the yelping of the dogs,  
Like a happy chorus of springtime  
frogs,  
As the doe comes bounding over the  
sand  
Thru larch grown woods, while her  
nostrils expand  
In dismay. Her head high, thru  
brakes and bogs  
She leaps over the bushes and the  
pine logs . . . . .  
But why, pursued, she does not under-  
stand.

The hunter saw the doe and shot. She  
leapt,  
Then reeling, staggered on a pace  
and fell . . . . .  
In fiendish glee, he ran and cut  
her throat,  
And from her udder saw milk ooze . . .  
but slept  
Across her bleeding neck and gave a  
yell . . . . .  
Till yet, he brags, and over it  
will cote . . . . .

Sol La Farge.

\*-\*-|---|\*-\*

### VILLAGES

In the villages gossips relate  
About the folk they must berate,  
Tho none, with others, can agree  
When gathered around drinking tea  
Or nibbling cake from off their plate.

Yet, who should care for such a fate  
When they are venting thus their hate?  
For girls and boys will merry be  
In the villages.

And tho, the gossips segregate,  
The marigolds grow by the gate  
And who pass them by will see  
The beauty of their purity . . . . .  
In the villages.

Gertrude Perry West.

## PLAY SECTION — EDITED BY— EUPHEMIA PATE

## THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM

(A Play To Be Read)

ACTS I — SCENES VIII

## SCENE I

CASPER:

Oh, ho! A new star in the heavens, I  
 See; and it is more wonderfully brite,  
 Than all the other stars combined tonite,  
 West, North or South; and the vast east-  
 ern sky,  
 Shines as brilliant as Venus, and must  
 imply,  
 Phenomenon enhancing the twilite,  
 When the sun has gone down, and no  
 moon's white  
 Gold reveals a glow of some prophecy.

I shall follow, and shall learn the reason  
 Why this spread of glory glows in the  
 East,

For there is one, for the star's  
 sheen on earth.

Can it be, the God-man prophdsied Son  
 Of Jehovah, foretold by the priest  
 And prophet of the Jews, is given  
 birth?

## II

## SCENE II

BALTASAR:

*(Following the star, hails Casper)*

Halt, Traveller! Tell me, Sir, if you may;  
 What star is this, appearing in the sky,  
 Where the heavens of the East magnify  
 Tonite, the glory of the sky by day,  
 As when the sun out casts its brighest ray,  
 At high noon? Will you help me gratify  
 My astrologer's interest, in why,  
 This star has thrown the world in such  
 dismay?

CASPER

I have thot, Good Stranger, that the star  
 shines

With such a britness, because, it may be  
 The Son of God is born, as is fore-  
 told

He would be, by the Hebrew prophets.

Signs

Like this, were predicted, and the mys-  
 tery

Of this, must to me, on this nite,  
 unfold!

## III

## SCENE III

MELCHOR:

*(Following the star, hails Casper and Baltasar)*

Ho Strangers! What news of the brite  
 new star?

I am happy to join your company,  
 If I may, for my curiosity  
 Is alert, and I am particular  
 To learn more of this very singular  
 Phenomenon which helps to verify  
 The Deity whom Hebrews prophesy;  
 For if He's born, He will be popular.

So, let us be wise, and there, hasten on;  
 For it seems to hang above Bethlehem,  
 Where the prophets advised, He  
 would be born;

And being wise men, the phenomenon,  
 Has been defined; and we will, an an-  
 them

To Him sing, and as King of Kings,  
 adorn!

## IV

## SCENE IV

KING HEROD:

*(Watching the Star alone, meditatively, speaks)*

I can not understand the brite new star,  
 That shines above the town of Bethle-  
 hem,

And the music, like an Hebrew anthem,  
 In the air; and from lands both near and  
 far,

Men come, with gold and myrrh, and like  
 nectar

Of gods is poured upon the diadem  
 Of a king, the wealth, is offered by  
 them,

To One, they claim, is Hebrew Avatar.

## V

## SCENE V

### HELL

Some folk will sneer and claim there is  
no hell  
Or Devil who reigns there with de-  
mon's fires;  
But they forget the vile, slanderous  
liar's  
Mouth is the red slimy cave where  
Libel,  
The most evil and vile, low down  
scoundrel,  
Lolls . . . a red viper that with his  
green ires  
Vomits venom that simmers like hot  
wires  
Poked into cold water by a yokel.

An accurst adder that vomits slime  
thru  
White bones that serve for Libel's  
white-washed fence,  
And where his intolerable lie  
gate  
Is never closed to keep venomous dew  
From being sprayed on helpless  
Innocence  
From Libel's jealous, malicious  
hate.

Ulysses TeBum.

\*-\*-\*

### THE WILLOWS' TASK

They guard  
The creek waters,  
Dropping tears from their fronds  
Upon myriad ferns, after  
A rain.

Drusilla Johnson.

-\*:.:.\*-

### CHLORIS

The grand  
Resurrection  
Of plant life from Hyem's  
Destruction when he spread his snow  
Blanket.

Euphemia Pate.

### SPORTSMANSHIP

The hunter stood upon the well worn  
stand,  
Listening to the yelping of the dogs,  
Like a happy chorus of springtime  
frogs,  
As the doe comes bounding over the  
sand  
Thru larch grown woods, while her  
nostrils expand  
In dismay. Her head high, thru  
brakes and bogs  
She leaps over the bushes and the  
pine logs . . . . .  
But why, pursued, she does not under-  
stand.

The hunter saw the doe and shot. She  
leapt,  
Then reeling, staggered on a pace  
and fell . . . . .  
In fiendish glee, he ran and cut  
her throat,  
And from her udder saw milk ooze . .  
but slept  
Across her bleeding neck and gave a  
yell . . . . .  
Till yet, he brags, and over it  
will dote . . . . .

Sol La Farge.

\*-\_\*| - | - | \*-\*

### VILLAGES

In the villages gossips relate  
About the folk they must berate.  
Tho none, with others, can agree  
When gathered around drinking tea  
Or nibbling cake from off their plate.

Yet, who should care for such a fate  
When they are venting thus their hate?  
For girls and boys will merry be  
In the villages.

And tho, the gossips segregate,  
The marigolds grow by the gate  
And who pass them by will see  
The beauty of their purity . . . . .  
In the villages.

Gertrude Perry West.

## PLAY SECTION — EDITED BY— EUPHEMIA PATE

## THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM

(A Play To Be Read)

ACTS I — SCENES VIII

## SCENE I

CASPER:

Oh, ho! A new star in the heavens, I  
 See; and it is more wonderfully brite,  
 Than all the other stars combined tonite,  
 West, North or South; and the vast east-  
 ern sky,  
 Shines as brilliant as Venus, and must  
 imply,  
 Phenomenon enhancing the twilight,  
 When the sun has gone down, and no  
 moon's white  
 Gold reveals a glow of some prophecy.

I shall follow, and shall learn the reason  
 Why this spread of glory glows in the  
 East,

For there is one, for the star's  
 sheen on earth.

Can it be, the God-man prophesied Son  
 Of Jehovah, foretold by the priest  
 And prophet of the Jews, is given  
 birth?

## II

## SCENE II

BALTASAR:

*(Following the star, hails Casper)*

Halt, Traveller! Tell me, Sir, if you may;  
 What star is this, appearing in the sky,  
 Where the heavens of the East magnify  
 Tonite, the glory of the sky by day,  
 As when the sun out casts its brighest ray,  
 At high noon? Will you help me gratify  
 My astrologer's interest, in why,  
 This star has thrown the world in such  
 dismay?

CASPER

I have thot, Good Stranger, that the star  
 shines

With such a britness, because, it may be  
 The Son of God is born, as is fore-  
 told

He would be, by the Hebrew prophets.

Signs

Like this, were predicted, and the mys-  
 tery

Of this, must to me, on this nite,  
 unfold!

## III

## SCENE III

MELCHOR:

*(Following the star, hails Casper and Baltasar)*

Ho. Strangers! What news of the brite  
 new star?

I am happy to join your company,  
 If I may, for my curiosity  
 Is alert, and I am particular  
 To learn more of this very singular  
 Phenomenon which helps to verify  
 The Deity whom Hebrews prophesy;  
 For if He's born, He will be popular.

So, let us be wise, and there, hasten on;  
 For it seems to hang above Bethlehem,  
 Where the prophets advised, He  
 would be born;

And being wise men, the phenomenon,  
 Has been defined; and we will, an an-  
 them

To Him sing, and as King of Kings,  
 adorn!

## IV

## SCENE IV

KING HEROD:

*(Watching the Star alone, meditatingly, speaks)*

I can not understand the brite new star,  
 That shines above the town of Bethle-  
 hem,

And the music, like an Hebrew anthem,  
 In the air; and from lands both near and  
 far,

Men come, with gold and myrrh, and like  
 nectar

Of gods is poured upon the diadem  
 Of a king, the wealth, is offered by  
 them,

To One, they claim, is Hebrew Avatar.

## V

## SCENE V

*(A messenger arrives and speaks with Herod)*

HEROD:

The idea: paying homage to that Boy,  
Born to a virgin, in a stall manger!  
Herod, trembling with fear, and  
forgotten!

King Jesus of the Jews, I must destroy!  
Death to male Jews under two years!

Danger,  
Threatens my throne. Evil is the  
omen!

*(The messenger goes)*

He must be slain! My throne is rocking,  
now;

For, both Gentiles and Jews, worship  
the Child

Whom the Wise Men that came from  
the East, styled,

King of Kings, and to Him, in worship,  
bow.

A king, over Herod? That shall not be!  
That Brat, born in a manger, I'll de-  
stroy!

*Messenger: (Returns)*

Joseph and Mary, have flown with the  
Boy!

#### SCENE VI

CHOIR: *(Singing in a modern church)*

Joseph and Mary, into Egypt fled  
With the Babe whom Herod sought to  
destroy:

He learned to carpenter when just a  
boy;

When grown, on the cross, for human-  
kind bled.

Yet, His hammer is heard from day to  
day,

In lands where Christians to Jehovah  
cried:

"Mercy!" In the name of the Crucified.

#### SCENE VII

*(Evening. Childreu singing carols on the street.)*

HOLY NITE

On a Holy Nite, a star shone brite,  
Above a stall where an infant lay  
And Wise Men followed the glowing lite,  
While they, homage to the God-child,  
pay.

#### VIII

*(A modern Negro Campmeeting in the U. S. A.)*

NEGROES SINGING:

THREE WISE MEN

De Wise Men seed de big starh,  
Hangin' ober Bethulehemb!  
De Wise Men seed de big starh,  
Hangin' ober Bethulehemb!  
Erbov' er King! 'Bov' er King!  
Hangin' ober Bethulehemb:  
Erbov' er King! 'Bov' er King!  
Hangin' ober Bethulehemb.

De Wise Men foun' de manger,  
Whar de God-Baby wuz bawn!  
De Wise Men foun' de manger,  
Whar de God-Baby wuz bawn!  
He wuz er King! Wuz er King!  
An' de Wise Men brung 'Im gol':  
He wuz er King! Wuz er King!  
An' de Wise Men brung 'Im gol'.

De Wise Men seed Little Jesus,  
Wrapt in de swathin' clothes!  
De Wise Men seed Little Jesus,  
Wrapt in de swathin' clothes!  
He wuz er King! Wuz er King!  
Do He wuz de lo'liest bawn:  
He wuz er King! Wuz er King!  
Do He wuz de lo'liest bawn.

Herod wuz one de skyartest,  
Kings in all ob ole Judear!  
Herod wuz one de skyartest,  
Kings in all ob ole Judear!  
Kase King ob Jews! King ob Jews!  
Kase King ob Jews dun bin bawn:  
Kase King ob Jews! King ob Jews!  
Kase King ob Jews dun bin bawn.

He sought de Chile to kill 'Im;  
 But Joseph an' Mary, fled!  
 He sought de Chile to kill 'Im;  
 But Joseph an' Mary, fled!  
 An' so, He libed! So, He libed!  
 So, He libed to be er man;  
 An' so, He libed! So, He libed!  
 So, He libed to be er man.

Dey crucified King Jesus;  
 But de third day He erise!  
 Dey crucified King Jesus;  
 But de third day He erise!  
 Yas, He erise! Yas, He rise!  
 Yas, He erise frum de ded;  
 Yas, He erise! Yas, He rise!  
 Yas, He erise frum de ded.

### PROEM

#### MY PAEAN

*(The voice of Psyche, accompanied by Arion's  
 music, as sung to those envious who  
 sought their annihilation.)*

#### Part I

#### INDIFFERENCE

I would not have you think of me,  
 As one, with abated pen, aflame,  
 To write on Page of Prosody,  
 A hungry name for husks of Fame;  
 Nor, would I have you walk the wealds  
 Along the gem-strewn path of pearls  
 Of poet-gathered nonsense spiels  
 For empty praises of the worlds  
 The gods have loaned to human hopes,  
 To kneel, in fear; and then, to pray;  
 No, no; for up Olympus slopes,  
 Hesperus rises, day by day;  
 And fountains, downward, bubbling gems,  
 Which Nature gathers on the leaves  
 A-purling on the browning stems --  
 A Hydra slain by Hercules;  
 Nor, would I hie, to walk among,  
 Himerus paths in Hyem's snows,  
 To measure Hesperian song,  
 For all the gold where Helice glows;  
 Nor god, Musagete's lyre, crave;  
 Nor cup, of nectar, Hebe'd bring  
 From Heliconian nymph's lave  
 To bid me envy those who sing;  
 But rather, bring me some ichor,

With drops from Hippocrene's wound,  
 Pegasus struck -- a metaphor --  
 For those who like the song profound;  
 Or from Beotia's fountain greet,  
 To stoop to level of a clown;  
 A two-faced Janus of deceit,  
 Arrayed in pure Minerva's gown;  
 Nor need I, moly, to partake,  
 To keep the wizzard sorcery  
 From pouring potion to awake,  
 In me, as you, like swinery;  
 But rather, I would walk among  
 Rhapsodious emerald hills,  
 And hear the bumble cricket's song  
 Where Palestra's gods have cut drills  
 Thru rocks, like ribbons flowing bright,  
 From Jason's unsandalled foot,  
 As courtesies in his heart fight  
 To win, and take the hag and put  
 Her, with strong arms, across the stream  
 Where raging torrents swept along  
 Like a scared adder with a gleam  
 Of green malice, where robin's song  
 No more's heard, when Boreas blows;  
 With Jason, hunt the Golden Fleece,  
 To cover themes from biting snows,  
 And sing a song -- "Resplendent  
 Peace" --  
 Like fell, from lute, of Israfel;  
 And bow your heads, in humble shame  
 In honor of the magic spell,  
 And pray, to play, an honest game;  
 Bow, to the stern mountains, which  
 cleave,  
 The purpling sunset contoured sky;  
 And hope, to see, the Muse, fast weave  
 A more enchanting lullaby;  
 There's hope, still left, in Pandoe's box;  
 And wealds, of pink and asphodel;  
 Or the red roses and painted phlox  
 With dancing daises in the dell.

#### Part II

#### INTERROGATION

Why bind Ixion to the wheel,  
 While Irene's sad sisters passes;  
 Enraptured, listen to his squeal,  
 While making of yourselves asses?

What has he, done, that you, should  
smile

And glory in Tartarus, bound,  
Where flows *Pons asinorum's* guile

And bark at him, as cur or hound?

Is not in Hera's Halls, yet room,

For those who sing, and crave a name,

And smell the daffodils in bloom,

Upon Won Merit's Hall of Fame?

### Part III

#### WHAT PRICE FAME

Yes, yes, on saffron sun-lit clouds

Is glory written for the bards;

Then, why not cease to bite the proud

Hand, Folk; and honest, shuffle cards?

Why stab the back that holds to you,

The cup of kindness of the god?

Why Dejanira's alter sue,

To Heliconian sister prod?

Am I a Lamia of your hate - -

Generated professional ire - -

Is why you rave? A "ta tum" prate,

At me, your shiny Dragon's fire?

"The glory of Infinity!"

The neptuned waters cry aloud:

Falerian wine poured on me,

By those whose thots of me, are proud;

Then why, should you, Poor Craven  
Clout;

Who has within you, not a ray

Of sunshine in your soul, or out . . .

From Bridge of Asses, at me, bray?

It's you, who cares for marble halls;

The dew, upon the grass, is mine;

The star-gem'd sky's my palace walls,

Where gold love-vine around them  
twine;

The fountains, flora and fruited-trees;

The fox-fire flaring on the grass,

In Nature's woods a-gleam with least

Jewel-strung where the brooklets pass

And fairy lakes lie still and glad,

While Pan plays lays on minstrel's lute,

That does not reach some jealous cad

Because of his own owl-like hoot . . .

Here, in the woods, are love and hope,

Which keep alive, poetic flame,

In lily lair of antelope;

Here, is no hoot but owl's to shame;

And those upon the verdant mere,

Upon the grass of Venus, lie;

And from the clover, cast no jeer;

I sing, for them, a lullaby . . .

In hopes, the antelopes, to tame;

And fool or sage, it's such, that I

Have written on the Scroll of Fame,

### Part IV

#### THEOREM

I can but hope, the day, soon hies,

When the bards may sing, all sublime;

None envy others, or despise,

But sing, with joy, till end of time;

No envy dripping from the fangs

When they are growing gray and old;

But they may hear the faintest clangs

Of pan-pipes fall upon the wold;

And heed the plea of Nature's god,

When principle they sell for gold;

And thus, disgrace their native sod;

When wapiti falls to the ground

From hunter's shot that wakes the air;

Be torn, besides, by bite of hound,

In race, unequal and unfair;

And should I count, no more, than flies;

If I be a fool, god or sage:

For Apples of Hesperides,

I would not give my heritage . . .

It is better beyond to look

At sordid clouts and clowns, and fare

Out in the wild, tangled, jungle nook,

A jabbering native ape, where

Parrots chants to the wild peacock

With his tail of Argus' sharp eyes;

Than throw at others Envy's rock,

While slain Ibycus in death, lies;

It is better to live out where

The sun will warm the fertile ground,

A stumbling poet who can share

With Palestra, the things, profound;

Than, be a trilling, jingling bird . . .

A-mocking . . . an imitator . . .

And "ta tum, ta tum," till the curd

From the Milky Way on jinglor

Falls and spoils, their jinglor's bonnet

Awry upon a nut-stored skull . . .

With the jinglor's ta tums on it,

A-flapping like a storm-swept gull . . .

Thru life, I'd be a vagabond . . .

Some place between the scribler's drawl,

Instead of jingling "tamberond"

Who dwells within a palace wall;  
 I'd rather have my feet outside,  
 Than stinking in a worn out shoe;  
 I'd rather limp and crawl, beside,  
 Than ta tum my whole life on thru . . .  
 Sometime, sometime, between extremes,  
 My diadems have now grown brown  
 Out where the sun on oak leaves  
 sheens,  
 Altho Magara, would drag down . . .  
 Medusa like, would turn to stones;  
 Altho, already, written in Halls  
 Of Fame, are my memory's tomes,  
 I having answered, the Muse's calls.  
 In vast Melian honeyed hills,  
 Melissa's bees, will ever hum,  
 With music of poetic thrills,  
 While you bug-jinglors, still . . . to tum!  
 Where Muia holds the fragrant plains,  
 Pegasus will still romp and race,  
 While the souls of Fame's elect names,  
 Will return to review the place  
 Where Pope stole Homer's *Iliad*  
 And *Odyssey* . . . well, imprromptu;  
 And Melpomene must feel sad;  
 For dear old Pope, they steal from you!

#### Part V

#### SWAN SONG

There is a happy hunting ground  
 For those who, yet, must be set free  
 To choose the music from the store  
 Of polytheistic nature's lea;  
 Where Indians sang chants before  
 Pope beat iambic tambourine  
 From Homer's songs sung down in Troy.  
 Who, told Homer, to beat a line  
 To measured feet? Accent employ?  
 How did Negroes long forgotten,  
 Sing in measured lyrics, strange  
 As Siren's voices in a dozen,  
 Sang out on the Libyan grange?  
 The soul of the true poet born  
 Beat in their poetry divine  
 From heroic to the love-lorn,  
 In the heart that is superfine;  
 Yet, after all, I would not crave  
 To have those friends to shed a tear;  
 To come with tools to now, engrave

Upon my cold, still silent bier . . .  
 To tell the world that I had won,  
 In spite, of knaves and common herd,  
 Who in my path, the thorns had  
 strewn  
 But could nor stop the call I heard  
 From Mt. Parnassus where are shown  
 The sprites of those whose names  
 Are written in the memoir tome  
 Of Elysian Fields, where their manes,  
 Thruout eternity, will roam;  
 So do not stop, with kindly aim,  
 To hang upon my bier a wreath . . .  
 Tho it might be a greater fame;  
 For then, the clover on the heath,  
 Will have no smell, when in the room  
 The kindly Rhea, prepares, far me;  
 A place to rest within the tomb,  
 While I, shall live, eternally . . .  
 I shall need no wreath of flowers . . .  
 But, *siste viator!*\* go sheathe  
 Your sword and when clouds lowers,  
 Bring me, no heather from the heath;  
 But brotherhood, with all mankind  
 And in the present, live to claim,  
 The vital portion of the mind  
 That leads to everlasting fame  
 That lives far, far, beyond the tomb.

\*Halt, Traveller!

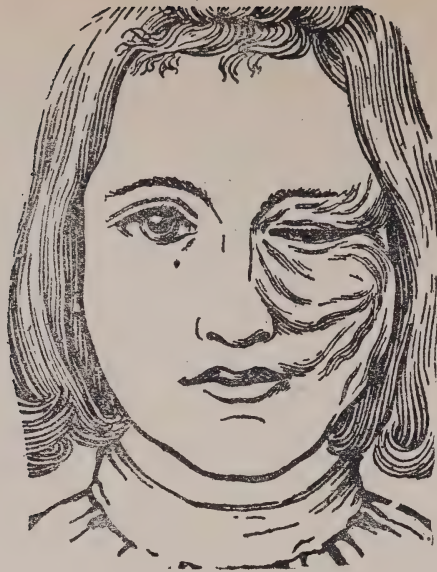
Note- In *My Paean*, the author, created a new word, *tamberond*, meaning: one who makes a tambourine noise. The poem was used as a *proem* for the *Book-makers' Hall of Fame Anthology Number One*, now off the press, a masterpiece of satire, Malcolm Campbell, Editor,

B. H. of F. A. N. O.

\* \* \*

#### TALANSIA

The hair of Nature,  
 Which she drapes from limbs of trees  
 In the Sunny South,  
 That robins may wrap their feet,  
 When they visit Dixieland,  
 When Boreas blows  
 His shrill, keen whistle  
 That sends them to the fair Land  
 Of Sunshine and mast,  
 Of the long leaf pine, where Hyem,  
 Neglects to send cruel snows  
 And keen cold with frost.



### WHY THE SCAR ON KITTY LOGAN'S FACE?

Note- Kitty Logan, a homeless orphan wief of the Orphanage for Homeless Children in Philadelphia, is alleged to be the helpless victim of the vivisectionists, Drs. Hamill, Cope and Carpenter, while a compulsory experimental patient in St. Vincent's Hospital in Philadelphia, of which hospital staff they are members, and the picture of Kitty, above, inspired the poem. Dr. Hamill was appointed Chairman of President Hoover's Child Welfare Conference, 1930.

The poem is copied from the *Child and Animal Welfare News*, Philadelphia, Pa.

Is there one lawyer in the United States	Note the scar on Kitty Logan's fine
Who will prosecute the brutes, Hamill,	face
Cope	Put there, by the vivisector, Hamill,
And Carpenter? St. Vincent's victim's	From some-tuberculin injection's ill
hope	Results, and what can the vast human
Seems gone, and with a dastard's scar,	race
relates	Expect to gain by such heartless dis-
The shameful story of confederates	grace
Who dare humane persons and philan-	By allowing brutes to inject their
thrope,	swill
Without limit of time or curb of scope,	In the pitiful, helpless juvenile,
To brutally maim the unfortunates.	And thus, the name of humanity, de-
	base?
The children of St. Vincent's Hospital,	
The brutes disfigure with experiments	Yet, the President of this great coun-
To the number of hundreds, but no	try
voice	Has called this inhuman vivisector
Of Law has risen to demand, for all,	To his Conference on Children
Vast damages from such brutes, for	Welfare,
their torments	To whom you gave your good vote to
To helpless children who have no	keep free
word of choice.	This land, whether from injustices
	or war.
	Then, rise, and of the poor child-
	ren take care.

## SPORTSMANSHIP

### FIRST HONOR

The hunter stood upon the well worn  
stand,  
Listening to the yelping of the dogs,  
Like a happy chorus of springtime  
frogs,  
As the doe comes bounding over the  
sand  
Thru larch grown woods, while her nos-  
trils expand  
In dismay. Her head high, thru brakes  
and bogs  
She leaps over the bushes and fallen  
logs . . . .  
But why, pursued, she does not under-  
stand.

The hunter saw the doe and shot. She  
leapt,  
Then reeling, staggered on a pace  
and fell . . . .  
In fiendish glee, he ran and cut her  
throat,  
And from her adder saw milk ooze . . .  
but slept  
Across her bleeding neck and gave  
a yell . . . .  
Till yet, he brags, and over it, will  
dote . . . .

—Sol La Farge.

## HELL

### SECOND HONOR

Some folk will sneer and claim there is  
no hell  
Or Devil who reigns there with de-  
mon's fires;  
But they forget the vile, slanderous  
liar's  
Mouth is the red slimy cave where Libel  
The most evil and vile, low down scound-  
rel,  
Lolls . . . . a red viper that, with his  
green ires  
Vomits venom that simmers like hot  
wires  
Poked into cold water by a yoke.

An accursed adder that vomits slime thru  
White bones that serve for Libel's  
white-washed fence,  
And where his intolerable lie gate  
Is never closed to keep venomous dew  
From being sprayed on helpless Inno-  
cence,  
From Libel's jealous, malicious hate.  
—Ulysses Tellum.

## EROS' PANACEA

(To Her)

I lost my key to my haunted house when Spring's  
New love came and the old dead loves were gray  
From mould of yesteryear's hopeless decay;  
The dust of years on those destructive wings  
Of Time that soars above with hateful stings  
Which had been brought from youth to stow away  
Within my haunted house where dead loves stay  
In long forgotten pasts; poor, sordid things!

Old loves are dead and they give me no pain;  
They are ashes from the fire of a new;  
I thought I had discarded all romance,  
And love would never come to me, again;  
But in the depth of your brown eyes, I view,  
Your love for me, that wins me with your glance.

Odas Cleo Sikes

## ROGUES

(Form: Cinquain)

Houris,  
Are those rogues  
Who work night and day,  
Stealing our best loved and dearest,  
For Death.

Odus Cleo Sikes.

---

## HE WENT AWAY

(To My Britisher On Armistice Day  
1930.)

He went away when buggles blew  
To call to arms, except a few,  
The men and boys to foreign wars;  
"To whip the Kaiser's brave Hussars"  
And when I bade him last adieu,  
I seemed to feel it, and I knew  
What likely from it would ensue  
To leave upon my heart these scars  
When at our last sad interview,  
He went away.

Long since the yearly calendars  
Have shown the months like gray friars  
Passing me by in plain review  
That does no hope to me renew  
Since to cruellest of all wars  
He went away.

Gertrude Perry West

---

## HER EYES

Her glad brown eyes with gleams of  
light  
Seem houris messengers of night.  
Still, to me, they will speak no love,  
Yet shine brightly as stars above.  
O, haste the day when I can see  
Eternal love in them for me!

Vincent Gould.

### AN OLD MOTHER

Toil bent  
From sacrifices  
And pains of child-bearing,  
With their toll-marks stamped on her  
face,  
She waits . . . . .  
Soon Death,  
Nature's angel  
Scavenger, passes; feels  
Sorry, and the faded old creature . . .  
Takes off.

Chief Keshena.

### INDIAN SUMMER

Dressed up  
In two-toned frock,  
A young bride come to spend  
Her honeymoon in gold-spun hues  
Of Fall.

Chief Kishacolquillas.

### SPRING

The Spring has come . . .  
The frolicome  
Child's millennium.

Princess Chantesuta

### OLD AGE

Sitting,  
With toil-aged hands  
Across the lap of Time,  
Smile but patient, waiting . . . . .  
For Death.

Princess Akikita.

### BIRDS OF A FEATHER

All birds  
Of a feather  
Flock: Birds of Paradise  
On one limb and on another,  
Blackbirds.

Malcolm Campbell,

### AFFLICTION

( Cinquain )

A black  
Tulip casting  
Its sable somberness - -  
As dark, moldy blight spoils a rose - -  
On man.

### MY CASTLE OF DREAMS

(Song set to original music.)

There's a castle of dreams, majestic  
and grand,  
Built by fairies in a far distant land;  
Its gates stand ajar for all those who're  
in love,  
And the sun is a-shining down from a-  
bove.

Chorus

There's a castle of dreams majes-  
tic and grand,  
Where Spring flowers bloom in a  
sweet Fairyland;  
Where youth is a Springtime eter-  
nal of love,  
And the sun is a-shining down  
from above.

There's a castle of dreams majestic and  
grand:  
Green forests are shading this dear Fai-  
ryland;  
Its there, we will go in the Springtime  
of love,  
Where the sun is a-shining down from  
above.

## THE AIRPLANE

A huge,  
Avenging angel,  
Breathlessly flying across the sky,  
Carrying War, the pale  
Infant monstrosity of Mars, in  
Search of the unsuspecting country  
That has forgotten to keep blood  
On the d  
o  
o  
r.

Drusilla Johnson.

Note- A form created of a plane volant at right angles, in honor of the Wrights, inventors of the airplane. Who can beat the above form to represent a plane?

Let us see your efforts. A prize is offered for the best. The clever originator of the form gives it the clever title- *Chapeau bas*, (Hats off— to the inventors.)

G. P. W.

## THE FLYING FOOLS

(*An échelon*- V-shaped.)

The Wrights  
Were named the  
Flying Fools when  
They took their first flights  
At Kitty Hawk twenty  
Five years now gone. It was  
then  
That quite impossible to fly

But one, two, or a dozen  
Airplanes from sea to sea  
Flit like cranes, and heights  
Reached by brave men  
Are merry  
Delights.

Marjorie Bruce.

Note- I chose this form because it was by the beloved National President of the Bookmakers, to commemorate another great historical event of her native state and as regards this celebration, her native county and county-seat as well; it having been created by Gertrude Perry West in honor of the Heroes of the Battle of Elizabethtown (Bladen County, N.

C.) when approximately seventy old men and boys frightened ten times as many Tories into jumping into a V-shaped ravine that had been washed in the bank of the Cape Fear river, and which has since become famous as the *Tory Hole*. Either end of the lines may rime or no rime. A poem in the form may be one or many stanzas. A prize is offered for the best poem in this form.

M. B.

## DEATH

[The Christian Speaks.]

The airplane waits and it is time to go,  
The Angel holds the steering-wheel  
outside;

Adieux are made to all who will abide  
A little while on earth where sad tears  
flow;

The gas, in waste, is burning; and the  
glow

From yonder sunset fades and I must  
ride

With the Angel Aviator and guide  
Thru the ether, when the chilly breezes  
blow.

His hand is on the throttle, and the air  
Grows colder while I am waiting to go;  
Velocity is set for me thru faith;  
The steering has been always right and  
fair;

Where I shall make my final stop, I  
know,

My Lord will crown me with a  
Christain's wreath.

Euphemia Pate.

## THE INEVITABLE

Our youth,  
Like the Spring leaves  
When the Autumn sap wanes,  
Leaving the foliage fading,  
Must die.

Marjorie Bruce.

---

## THANKSGIVING

(Rondelet)

Cornucopia is full again . . . . .

Happy the hour!

When wheat is garnered for flour,  
Fruit, and different kinds of grain  
In abundance, and Southern cane . . . .  
Happy the hour!

Odus Cleo Sikes.

\* \* \* \*

## FUTILITY

Where I had gone, filled with despair,  
To where I thought it best to fare,

So me, your image, might not chase  
And if it did, I might out race;

I felt so sure, away out there,  
I could, for you, my love, forswear;  
But from open spaces, as elsewhere,  
With haunting eyes and handsome  
face,

Your image into mine, would stare,  
Where I had gone.

Then, I did, from out my lair  
Escape; back, I thought, I will dare  
My weary footsteps to retrace  
Since there, I could find, no solace  
And feeling like a hunted hare,  
Where I had gone.

Gertrude Perry West.

---

## HER EYES

Her glad brown eyes with gleams of  
light

Seem hours' messengers of night.

Still, to me, they will speak no love,  
Yet shine brightly as stars above.

O, haste the day when I can see  
Eternal love in them for me!

Vincent Gould.



---

---

---

### THIS CHRIRTMAS DAY

This Christmas day my home is bare  
And no one by with me to share  
The Christmas cheer the day should  
bring

To followers of the Christian King,  
For she has gone who was so fair  
And lonely she has left me here;  
Yes, she has gone . . . He took her  
where

An angel choir for her will sing  
This Christmas Day.

O, true it is that just last year  
That she was by with me to hear  
The Christmas bells as they would  
ring

The birthday of the Christian King,  
But now has left me in despair,  
This Christmas day!

Odus Cleo Sikes

---







